

Demande sous le bureau

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Demande sous le bureau

by [AllAborde \(Bordementions\)](#)

Summary

I just decided to turn this into a collection for all the small furina smut that I will end up starting but not finishing

Notes

Hihihihhi

Quick Furina smut test before I start posting my other stuff

I tried my best so be nice or I'll cry

<https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz>

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1: Desk Blowjob

The grandeur of the Palais Mermonia was almost suffocating, even from your current, undignified position.

Above you, the vast, ornate expanse of Lady Furina's personal office stretched, gilded ceilings catching the afternoon light filtering through towering arched windows. The scent of expensive ink, old paper, and floral perfume filled the air. And under the massive, carved mahogany desk, there was you. Cramped, hidden, your pristine Royal Guard uniform feeling like both a mockery and a cage.

How had it come to this? One moment, you were standing rigidly at attention, delivering a requested report, steeling yourself for whatever whimsical, time-wasting task would inevitably follow. The next... well, the next involved Furina sighing dramatically about the tedium of bureaucratic necessities, tapping a finger against a stack of forms, and then fixing her heterochromatic gaze upon you with an unnerving intensity.

"Ma très chère garde," she'd purred, leaning back in her plush velvet chair, "this paperwork is dreadfully draining. Utterly soul-crushing! I require... a distraction. Something to keep my sublime energies flowing." Her eyes had sparkled with that specific brand of mischief you were quickly learning to dread. "And you look so very capable."

Before you could even process the implication, before you could stammer out a professional refusal doomed to fail, she'd patted the space beneath her desk. "Come now, don't be shy. Consider it... essential personnel support. Vital for the continued smooth operation of Fontaine's governance! An honor, truly!"

And like the fool you were, cowed by the sheer insistence of her authority and the dazzling, almost hypnotic confidence she exuded, you had complied. You'd knelt, slipped beneath the heavy desk, the rich carpet comfy beneath your knees through your uniform trousers.

Now, you were trapped in the shadows, the scent of her expensive perfume stronger here, mingled with the faint, musky aroma of her body. You could hear the rustle of papers above, the rhythmic scratch-scratch of her pen, punctuated by her occasional sighs or self-satisfied hums.

You squeezed your eyes shut for a moment, bile rising in your throat.

Duty. Honor. Protecting Fontaine. None of those noble ideals had prepared you for this. You were on a leash, an invisible one woven from your own inability to defy the whirlwind that was Furina. Every instinct screamed at you to stand up, to walk out, consequences be damned. But you remained frozen, kneeling in the darkness, awaiting her next command.

It came sooner than you expected. The scratching pen stopped. A foot, clad in one of her ridiculously elegant heeled shoes, tapped lightly against your shoulder. "Ahem," she cleared her throat dramatically from above. "Hé? Are you quite comfortable down there? Don't tell me you've fallen asleep during such a crucial task."

You flinched, looking up into the shadows beneath the desk. You couldn't see her face, only the vague outline of her legs, crossed elegantly at the ankle.

"Of course not, Lady Furina," you managed while sitting up, your voice tight.

"Merveilleux!" came the cheerful reply. "Because I find my focus waning. Perhaps you could do something about it?"

There was a rustle of fabric, the soft click of a button, and then... oh. Oh, Archons. Something slick and heavy nudged insistently against your cheek. You recoiled instinctively, heart hammering against your ribs.

Furina chuckled, a light airy sound from above. "Now, now, no need for such maidenly reluctance. Is this not the highest privilege? To personally attend to your Archon's needs?"

Her hand appeared, descending into the shadows. Slender, gloved fingers wrapped around the base of the intrusion—her cock. It was thicker than you'd imagined, veins standing out slightly against the surprisingly smooth skin, the head a slightly darker, flushed shade. It pulsed faintly with life, utterly incongruous with the elegant, feminine figure sitting above.

"Come closer," she commanded softly, yet her tone left no room for argument. Her fingers gently guided the head of her cock until it pressed against your lips. You kept them sealed shut, jaw clenched, a silent, futile rebellion.

"Tsk, ts," Furina chided playfully. The tip of her cock nudged harder, insistently probing the seam of your mouth. "Such resistance! Quite

unbecoming of my most devoted guard. Quelle impolitesse." Without warning, she slapped the shaft lightly against your cheek. Not hard enough to hurt, but enough to shock, the wet thwack echoing slightly in the enclosed space. Your breath hitched. She did it again, a little firmer this time, leaving a faint tingling sensation on your skin. "Open up," she ordered, her voice losing some of its playful edge, replaced by a sharp command. "Or shall we make this a public demonstration of insubordination?"

The threat, however veiled, worked. Shame and fear warred within you, but fear won out. Slowly, humiliatingly, you parted your lips. The head of her cock immediately pushed past them, pressing against your teeth.

"Ah, there we go," Furina hummed, sounding pleased. Her hand moved from the base, fingers now gently tangling in your hair, near your scalp. Not painfully, but firmly, establishing control. "See? Not so difficult, was it? Now, be a dear and warm me up. This paperwork is giving me a chill."

Her other thumb came down and pressed lightly against your chin, tilting your head back slightly for a small correction. The thick shaft slid deeper into your mouth, pressing against the roof, making you gag reflexively.

"Patience, patience," she cooed, though her grip in your hair tightened fractionally. "Art takes time you know. And finesse. Show me what those lips can do, *ma chère*."

You swallowed hard, trying to push down the humiliation. Closing your eyes, you forced yourself to move, letting your tongue tentatively trace the thick vein running along the underside. Her cock twitched in your mouth, and a soft gasp escaped from above.

"Mmm, oui... like that," Furina murmured, her voice breathy now. The sound of the pen scratching resumed above, a surreal counterpoint to the intimate act taking place beneath the desk. She was actually working while you... while you did this. The thought was both infuriating and strangely exciting.

Her fingers guided your head, setting a slow, deliberate rhythm. In and out. The smooth skin slid against your tongue, the friction building. You could feel the heat radiating from it, the subtle throb of her pulse against your palate. You focused on the mechanics, trying to detach yourself, but her soft sighs and the tightening grip in your hair

kept pulling you back to the moment.

"Deeper," she commanded suddenly, her hips shifting slightly in the chair above. Her hand pushed your head down firmly, forcing you to take more of her length. The taste intensified, filling your senses. You choked back another gag, tears pricking at the corners of your eyes.

Was this duty? Was this honor? Hardly, your position for all you knew right now amounted to being a glorified toy.

Suddenly the steady rhythm Furina had dictated began to falter, becoming faster, more demanding. Her grip in your hair tightened, angling your head just so. Above you, the scratching pen sounds had long ceased. Her breathing grew shorter, punctuated by sharp little gasps that vibrated down her body and into the cock filling your mouth. You could feel the base of it clenching rhythmically against your tongue, the veins pulsing harder, hotter. Her whole body seemed to tense, coiled like a spring.

A low groan escaped her lips, followed by a sharp intake of breath. Her free hand slammed lightly onto the desk surface above. "Ah... presque là..." she hissed. Her hips gave a subtle press downwards, pushing her deeper against the back of your throat.

Then came the tap – a quick, almost dismissive flick of her finger against your temple. That was your only warning.

"Avales, ma petite. Swallow," she commanded, her voice strained, tight with oncoming pleasure.

Before the words fully registered, before you could even think to obey or resist, her cock pulsed violently in your mouth. A thick, hot gush flooded your senses—salty, musky, and really sticky. You choked, reflexively trying to pull back, but her hand held your head fast. The first wave hit the back of your throat, incredibly thick, almost impossible not to swallow at least some of it down. Her body shuddered above you, another low groan tearing from her.

Then, just as suddenly as it began, she pulled back slightly—not fully out, but enough. And the pulsing continued, hot spurts splashing warm and sticky against your cheek, your chin, catching in your eyelashes. You squeezed your eyes shut against the onslaught, the sheer humiliation washing over you in a wave hotter than her climax. The faint scent of her arousal mixed with her perfume filled the air around your face.

When the pulsing finally subsided, she didn't immediately remove herself. She lingered for a moment, letting her semi-turgid cock rest against your slick cheek, letting you feel the sticky aftermath coating your skin. You could hear her catching her breath, slower now.

Finally, she withdrew completely, leaving your face feeling sticky and exposed in the dim space. There was a soft rustle as she adjusted her clothing above.

A moment of silence, then her voice, laced with pure, unadulterated smugness, drifted down. "Voilà. See how well you serve your Archon?" A low chuckle followed. "Très bien. You wear my satisfaction so beautifully, ma chère gardienne. Such artistry deserves an audience... perhaps next time." She tapped dismissively on the desk again, the scratching of her pen resuming almost immediately, as if nothing particularly noteworthy had occurred. "Do try not to drip on the rug. It's imported."

Chapter 2: Handjob

The air backstage at the Opera Epiclese hums with a frantic energy, one that is pretty out of place for the regal calm you strive to project on duty. Stagehands rush past carrying props that glitter under the harsh work lights, their hushed calls echoing throughout the upper wings.

You stand sentinel outside the dressing room, posture ramrod straight, hands clasped behind your back in the regulation manner. As is the way you were taught—as is the way of the Fontaine Royal Guard.

Your duty is simple: ensure Lady Furina, reaches the stage on time and without incident for tonight's stage performance. A simple duty, even easier in practice than it was on paper. Make sure no one finds there way in through the singular door, and when she's done guide her safely to the curtain.

The minutes tick by. The orchestra is readily tuning up, the low thrum of strings and hearty bleats of brass filtering through to your ears. The audience murmurs are growing louder, a collective anticipation building within the grand hall. Yet, the door behind you remains closed. Lady Furina, scheduled to make her grand entrance moments from now, the most anticipated part of tonight's performance.

Is nowhere to be seen.

You shift your weight, the leather of your boots creaking softly on the floorboards. This is a tad unusual, even for her penchant for dramatic timing. Usually, she'd be demanding last-minute adjustments to her costume or rehearsing a line with anyone unfortunate enough to be within earshot. Complete and total silence was well... concerning.

Your brow furrows. Professionalism dictates you wait, but duty dictates you ensure the Archon fulfills her obligations. The Fontainian public adores her theatrics, but leaving them waiting too long risks turning adoration into impatience.

Steeling yourself, you raise a gloved hand and knock firmly, but respectfully, on the door. "Lady Furina? Pardon the intrusion, but your presence is requested on stage shortly."

No response. Only the distant sounds of the opera house.

You knock again, louder this time. "Lady Furina?"

A muffled sound filters through the wood, something between a gasp and a squeak. It's quickly followed by a frantic shuffling noise, like a room being hastily rearranged, and the distinct clatter of small items hitting the floor. Your concern spikes. Is she unwell? Did she trip?

"Lady Furina, are you alright?" you call out, your voice laced with slight worry, barely masking a growing unease. "May I enter?"

"Non! Stay out!" The voice that finally erupts is hers at least, but pitched higher than usual, with slight panic. "Just... just un moment, d'accord? I am... contemplating the artistic nuances of my entrance!"

Contemplating nuances? Now? It sounds utterly ridiculous, even by her standards. The shuffling noises intensify, punctuated by sharp, breathy inhales. Something is definitely amiss. Against your better judgment, but compelled by the need to ensure the Archon's well-being (and the smooth running of the state-sponsored opera), you turn the handle.

You push the door open just enough to peer inside, ready to offer assistance, perhaps help her adjust a troublesome piece of her costume, the deep blues and glittering golds of her usual Archon attire. Instead, the sight that greets you freezes you in the doorway, your mask cracking instantly.

Lady Furina is not in fact contemplating any kind of artistic nuances. In fact she's half-sprawled on the plush velvet chaise lounge in the center of the room, her jacket askew, pushed high up her torso. Her top hat lies discarded on the floor beside a scattered array of brushes and powders. Her silvery-white hair, usually impeccably styled, is slightly mussed, a few strands clinging damply to her forehead. Her face is flushed a deep crimson, her mismatched eyes wide with sheer, unadulterated shock at your intrusion.

But it's the state of her lower half that stops your breath. Her tailored shorts, usually crisp and perfect, are unbuttoned and pushed down low on her hips, exposing the rather obvious source of her current predicament. Nestled between her thighs, thick and throbbing, is an erection. It's flushed and hard, glistening slightly, veins standing out along the impressive length. Her own hand is wrapped tightly around the base, knuckles white, caught mid-stroke. Her other hand is braced against the chaise, pushing herself up slightly, her chest heaving with ragged breaths. She's clearly been at this a while, you can literally

smell it.

For a stretched second, absolute silence hangs between you. You can only stare, your mind struggling to reconcile the flamboyant Archon you serve with the utterly flustered, mortified individual caught in such a precarious situation. Her mouth opens and closes silently, like a fish gasping for air.

"Ce... ce n'est pas ce que tu penses!" she finally blurts out, snatching her hand away from her cock as if burned, simultaneously trying—and failing—to yank her shorts back up with her other hand. The movement only jostles the offending appendage, making it bob obscenely. "I was merely... ah... ensuring that everything on the costume fit! Oui! These shorts, you see, they are surprisingly restrictive! A potential hazard onstage!" Her voice is a trembling wreck, pitching wildly between octaves, her eyes darting everywhere but at you.

The blush deepens, spreading down her neck and disappearing beneath the high collar of her dishevelled jacket. The frantic attempt at an excuse is so ludicrously transparent it's almost painful to witness. Her cock, still standing up straight, twitches slightly, utterly betraying her words. A tiny, involuntary whimper escapes her lips as another wave of heat washes over her face.

You remain frozen, unsure how to react. Protocol certainly doesn't cover walking in on the Hydro Archon masturbating moments before a major performance. Do you apologize and retreat? Offer assistance? Pretend you saw nothing? Your training provides no answer, leaving you floundering in the sheer, overwhelming awkwardness.

Suddenly, a sharp rap sounds on the door from the hallway outside. "Lady Furina! Five minutes! Places, everyone!" calls the stressed voice of the stage manager.

Furina jumps, eyes flying wide with renewed panic. She looks from the door, to her still-prominent erection, then finally, desperately, at you. The last vestiges of her frantic attempt at deception crumble, replaced by raw, pleading embarrassment.

"Merde!" she whispers, her voice cracking. She tugs uselessly at her shorts again, the damn thing just refusing to subside under the pressure of adrenaline and embarrassment. Her gaze locks onto yours, a frantic, imploring light in her mismatched eyes. There is no theatrics, no regal authority, just sheer, mortified desperation. "You...

You have to help me! S'il te plaît! I cannot go out there... like this!"

You hesitate, your mind reeling. Helping the Hydro Archon take a load off backstage was definitively not in your job description. Your gaze flickers between her flushed, pleading face and the rigid flesh still jutting proudly from her unfastened shorts. Every instinct screams at you to maintain decorum, to perhaps suggest a cold compress or simply avert your eyes and pray for divine intervention—or perhaps just time—to solve the problem. But the desperation in her eyes, the genuine panic, is surprisingly potent.

"Garde? Did you hear me?!" Furina insists, her voice trembling but regaining a sliver of its imperious edge. "This is... this is a matter of national importance! My performance! The morale of the people! It all hinges on... on resolving this... situation! If I am late, or appear... distracted... think of the consequences! It will be your fault! Yes! Yours! I'll have you reassigned to cleaning the aquabus depots! For a year!" The threat hangs empty in the air, utterly undermined by the blush still painting her cheeks and the way she squirms slightly, clearly uncomfortable with her own arousal. Her bravado is tissue-thin, a pathetic attempt to regain control.

"Lady Furina..." you begin, your voice strained, searching for any alternative. "Perhaps if you just took a few deep breaths? Tried to think of something... uninspiring?"

"Uninspiring?" she squeaks, aghast. "Have you seen me? I am the epitome of inspiration! Everything about me is magnificent, dazzling! Thinking of myself only makes it worse!" She gestures vaguely towards her crotch with a flustered wave of her hand, then immediately regrets it, folding her arms defensively across her chest, which only serves to further expose her predicament below.

"Just... aide-moi! Please! You swore an oath, didn't you?! To serve Fontaine?! To serve me?! Well, consider this your highest calling! I beg you!" Her voice drops to a near-whine on the last word, the pathetic insistence warring with the ingrained expectation of being obeyed.

Another knock, more urgent this time. "Lady Furina! We need you stage left!"

Furina lets out a small cry of despair. "See? See?! There is no time! Are you going to let Fontaine down?! Are you going to let me down?!" She looks genuinely close to tears now, the pressure mounting. "Just..."

quickly! Be efficient! Like... like polishing silverware! Oui, a very important piece of silverware!"

Your resolve crumbles under the combined weight of her desperation, the ticking clock, and the ingrained habit of obedience to your Archon. Letting out a slow, controlled breath—the kind you usually reserve for standing perfectly still during long ceremonies—you give a stiff, almost imperceptible nod. "Please... hold still, Lady Furina."

Taking a couple hesitant steps forward, closing the distance between you. Kneeling slightly before the chaise, you do your best to try and avoid her watching eyes, focusing instead on the task at hand. You reach out, your silk-gloved hand hovering for a hesitant second over her dick. Its slick with pre-ejaculate that no doubt came from her long and failed attempts earlier to jack off.

Taking another steadying breath, you close your gloved fingers around her cock. The silk provides a thin barrier, but you can feel the firmness, the heat, the thrumming life beneath. It jumps at your touch, and Furina lets out a sharp gasp, her back arching slightly off the chaise.

"Mnnngh... Ah! Doucement! Gently, you brute!" she complains, though her eyes flutter shut for a moment.

You begin to stroke, slowly, awkwardly at first. Your movements are hesitant, mechanical, trying to maintain a professionalism that feels utterly absurd in this context. The smooth silk glides over her sensitive skin. You keep your gaze fixed somewhere around her knee, trying desperately not to acknowledge the depraved nature of the act, the sheer absurdity of having the Hydro Archon's erection in your hand.

Despite your clumsy, reluctant start, Furina's body reacts instantly. A low groan rumbles in her chest, vibrating through the hand gripping her. "Ngh... oh... oh là là..." she breathes, her head tipping back against the upholstery. Her hips give an involuntary little buck, pushing her cock deeper into your grasp. "Yes... like that... but... un peu plus vite..."

You increase the pace slightly, your strokes becoming a little firmer, more rhythmic as you try to focus on simply getting the job done efficiently, as requested. The silk slides even easier than before, coated now in her fluids. Her breathing grows shallower, punctuated by soft whimpers and sighs.

"Ah! Yes... oui... right there..." she moans, shifting slightly on the

chaise. "More... more pressure... Harder... Mon Dieu..."

You tighten your grip slightly, applying more pressure as you stroke up and down the length of her shaft, thumb brushing over the head. Furina throws her head back completely now, any and all attempts at composure utterly dissolving into raw sensation. Her free hand comes up to clutch at her own chest, fingers digging into the fabric of her jacket.

"Ahhh! Yes! That's... c'est magnifique! So good, you... ngh... you have surprisingly talented hands... Who knew... ahhh..." Her voice is breathy, strained. Her hips lift off the chaise with each downward stroke now, fucking passively against your fist, seeking more friction, more pressure. The earlier embarrassment seems momentarily forgotten, replaced by burgeoning pleasure.

"Keep going..." she pants, eyes squeezed shut tight. "Don't stop... Almost... presque là..." Then, her eyes snap open, hazy with arousal but fixed on your face. A different kind of plea enters her gaze now, something softer, more vulnerable beneath the lust. "Un baiser..."

You freeze mid-stroke, your eyes finally meeting hers. A kiss? Now? Here? The request hangs in the air, far beyond the realm of 'resolving the situation'. But the pleading in her eyes, the raw need... and perhaps a flicker of your own deeply buried curiosity... wins out. Still stroking her steadily with one hand, you lean forward slowly. Your lips meet hers hesitantly. Her lips are soft, surprisingly warm, tasting faintly of sweet pastries.

It's a chaste kiss at first, just pressure, but then she lets out a soft sigh into your mouth, her tongue darting out tentatively to meet yours. The handjob falters for a second as you take in more of a mental sensation, but her sharp inhale and the renewed urgency in her hips remind you of the task. You deepen the kiss slightly, mirroring the rhythm of your hand, while continuing the relentless strokes, driving her closer to the edge she so desperately needs to reach before the curtain call.

The kiss deepens for a moment. Her tongue explores yours with surprising confidence, not comparable to her earlier fluster. But the steady rhythm of your gloved hand against her cock is a constant reminder of the immediate goal. You pull back slightly from the kiss, breathing heavily, refocusing on the task. Her lips are swollen, her eyes half-lidded and hazy with pleasure.

"Ah... oui... Don't stop..." she gasps, the command breathy and weak. "Faster now... plus vite! I need... ah!..."

You obey, your strokes becoming quicker, firmer, the silk gliding effortlessly over her skin. Your thumb circles relentlessly over the swollen head, eliciting sharp hisses and whimpers from her. Her whole body is trembling now, coiled tight like a spring. The velvet of the chaise rustles beneath her increasingly frantic movements.

"There! Right there! Mon Dieu, you... ahhhnnng!..." Her hips lift clear off the cushion with each desperate thrust, meeting your hand halfway, fucking against your grip with quick, short, almost pathetic jolts. She's completely lost in the sensation, face contorted into pure bliss. "Almost... presque... Please... oh, please..." She bites her lip, stifling a louder cry, likely mindful of the thin door separating you from the backstage bustle.

Her cock throbs violently in your grasp. You can feel the pressure building, the tension reaching an unbearable peak. Her breath hitches, coming in ragged gasps.

"Going to... ah!... going to...!" she cries out, her voice cracking.

Then, with one final digging thrust, her body arches violently. A powerful tremor runs through her entire frame. Her cock pulses wildly in your hand, unleashing a sudden, hot torrent.

Thick ropes of semen spurt out, flooding your gloved palm, splattering onto the pristine white fabric of your uniform trousers, shot after hot shot. It's surprisingly copious, far more than you would have anticipated, coating your hand and dripping onto the expensive velvet beneath.

"Ah... ahhh...!" she whimpers, shuddering uncontrollably as the orgasm racks her body. Her eyes are screwed shut, tears leaking from the corners—whether from pleasure or the lingering embarrassment, it's impossible to tell. She keeps thrusting weakly against your hand even as the flow begins to subside, murmuring your name—your actual name, not just 'Guard'—over and over in a breathless, broken litany between shudders. "... oh... kghnnnnmm... ahhh... haah..."

Finally, the shudders lessen, her body going lax against the seat. Her breathing is still ragged, her face flushed, hair plastered to her damp forehead. Her cock, now spent, softens rapidly in your loosening grip, shrinking back towards a state of repose. The tension in the room dissipates, leaving behind a heavy, panting silence broken only by the

distant, muffled sounds of the orchestra preparing for her entrance cue.

You withdraw your hand slowly, the glove heavy and sticky with her release. You avoid looking directly at the mess on your uniform, focusing instead on regaining some semblance of composure yourself.

Furina lies still for another moment, catching her breath. Then, she slowly pushes herself up, carefully avoiding looking at you or the evidence of what just transpired. She hastily fumbles with her shorts, pulling them up and doing up the buttons with trembling fingers.

She retrieves her hat from the floor, smoothing her hair with a shaky hand before placing it back on her head at a precise, if slightly unsteady, angle. The transformation is startlingly quick—the flushed, moaning mess replaced almost instantly by the familiar, if slightly breathless, facade of the Hydro Archon.

She clears her throat, still not meeting your eyes. "Well! That was... an adequate resolution to a potential costuming emergency. Your swift action is noted and I'll see to your efforts remembered." Her voice is strained, attempting nonchalance but failing miserably. She gives her jacket a sharp tug, straightening it. "Consider the aquabus depot reassignment rescinded. For now."

She takes one deep, drawn breath, squares her shoulders, and plasters a dazzling, if somewhat shaky, smile onto her face. Without another word, without a backward glance, she sweeps towards the door, pushing it open just as the final notes of the introductory fanfare begin to swell from the stage.

"Showtime!" she declares to the waiting void beyond the door, her voice suddenly resonating with its usual dramatic flair, leaving you alone in the quiet, suddenly cold dressing room, your glove coated in ivory fluid.

End Notes

Did I mention I want to blow her?

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